not seen the world in this way in my younger years, and I had a strange feeling I had learned to see it so in prison. In fact, my dreams at night in Ekaterinoslav Castle were full of mountains, rivers, forests, and meadows covered with flowers. On the trip from Irkutsk to Alexandrovsk those dreams were becoming real. The party crossed the Angara River on a ferry. And this again was the river of my dreams, with water so clear, the ferry seemed to float in the air.

I was dead-tired at the end of the first day and walked with excruciating pain during the second. My feet were covered with blisters, my puttees soaked with blood, but this trip remains one of the few radiant spots in my memories of those years.

### ALEXANDROVSK PENITENTIARY

The party passed through a village surrounded by fields and forested hills. A strange village: men in prison garb—gray shirts, pants, and caps—were coming and going, apparently unguarded and mingling with local peasants. We were in Alexandrovsk. It was located at the mouth of a narrow valley perhaps a mile long. At the end of the valley was the penitentiary, a large compound encircled by a high red brick wall with wooden watchtowers.

Roll call was taken in a broad corridor, divided into small enclosures by iron grills. After the party had been locked in a large hall with plank beds along the walls, the turnkey called me to the door. A man in neat prison garb shook my hand and asked, "How many politicals do you have in the party?"

"There must be a score."

"Please make a list. And make a note of those who could direct courses or give lectures." Noticing my surprise, he explained, "I am the headman of the political Collective, Zhdanov."

I had heard the name. Zhdanov was a well-known political defense lawyer, close to the S-D party, serving a forced-labor sentence. He told me that the political prisoners in the penitentiary were segregated in special wards, had some self-government, and were allowed to pick out those in arriving parties whom they wished to accept into their community, the "Collective."

This organization owed its existence to Zhdanov and Saur, an S-R journalist sentenced to forced labor for life for a military mutiny in 1905. They had persuaded the superintendent that a sort of honor system would give him a guarantee that political prisoners would make no attempt to escape. The superintendent, a former officer who had quit military service in mysterious circumstances, was a good-hearted man and despised himself for being a jailer, especially a jailer